

# THE MORNING RAMBLE;

OR,

THE MOUNTAIN TOP.



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BY A FRIEND TO YOUTH.

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NEW HAVEN—S. BABCOCK.

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1832.

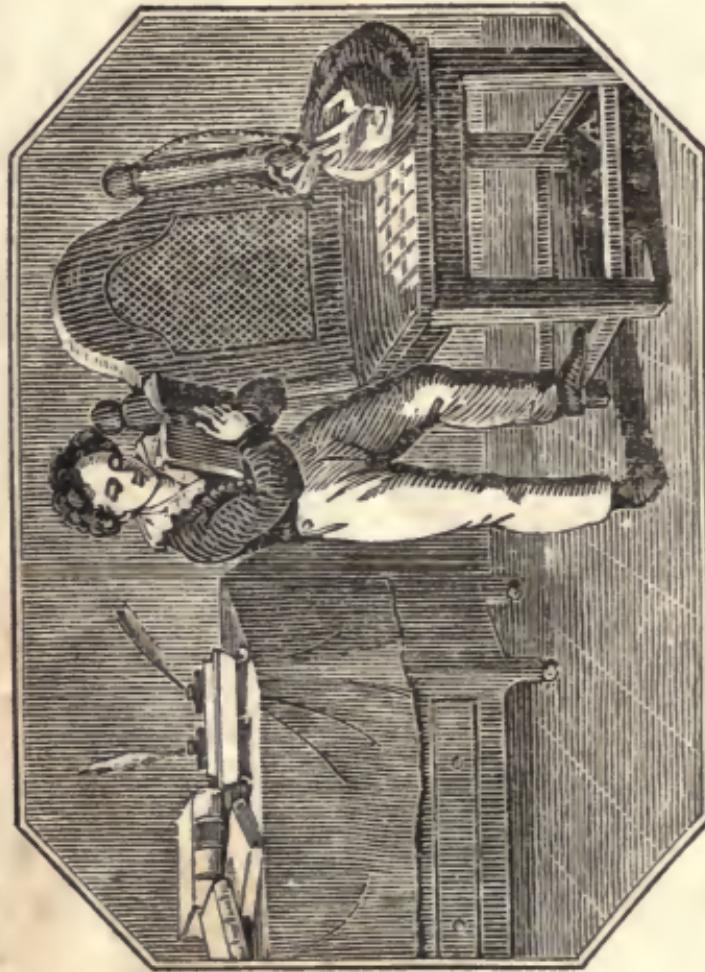
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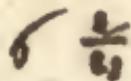


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## THE MORNING RAMBLE.

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Rouse up, John! Rouse up!

These were the gruff sounds that disturbed the peaceful slumbers of John Williams, on a bright sunny morning of summer, as he lay pleasantly dreaming on his own little bed.

John had retired to rest as soon as he had done tea on the evening before. He was to rise early in the morning and go with his father to walk in the country. He told his father that he would get up before sun-rise, and then come and wake him up. But after John had fallen asleep he forgot all about his promise, nor thought more about waking up his father, until the hoarse voice of Jemmy, the servant, broke upon his ears. And as he called, he gave John a hearty shake, further exclaiming—

Your father is waiting for you—up, now, and dress yourself!

What John had been dreaming about we do not know. But very likely it was about going on a fishing party with some other boys; or perhaps it was about standing at the head of his class in school.



But he was now fairly aroused from his slumbers. His pleasant dreams had fled away, and he was now sitting up in his bed rubbing his eyes.

The first thing that popped into Johnny's mind, was his promise to his father, that he would get up before sun-rise, and come down and call him. But, alas ! the sun had already peeped from behind the hills.

With the assistance of Jemmy, master John was soon dressed, and on his way down the stairs, where he met his father, and was accosted with—

Well, my son, you did not come and wake me, before sun-rise, as you promised. You over-slept yourself, probably ?

Yes, sir, I did. And had not Jemmy called me up, I should be still in my bed. I was dreaming about something that I cannot now recollect. But I know it was a pretty dream, and perhaps I shall think of it again by-and-by. But is it too late for us to take the walk father ?

No, my son, but it would have been better for us had we risen earlier. You may wash yourself and call Sancho, and then we will set out.

Mr. Williams and John now set out upon their morning ramble, taking with them their faithful dog Sancho.

It was a beautiful morning. The sun was rising in great splendor. The dew-drops, on the flowers, glittered in his rays. The new made hay sent forth a refreshing smell. The birds, from hill to grove, warbled forth strains of music, rich and soft. The stately trees were clad in rich foliage. The fragrance of a thousand flowers was wafted on the gentle breeze. In short, all nature appeared glorious and inviting.

Such were the feelings of John, on beholding so grand a sight, that he wondered that he had not often risen earlier, to behold it, and asked his father if it was so pleasant every morning when the sun was rising.

Not always, replied Mr. W., but at this season of the year the pleasantest part of the day is when the sun is rising. Then it is that the goodness of the Creator, seems to shine forth from his works in brightest colors. The flowers, the birds, the richly laden fields and trees of the orchard, all seem desirous of proclaiming aloud that God is good.

For a short distance their path was over a level spot of newly-mowed grass. The grass had been gathered into heaps over night.—The farmers were now seen spreading it in all directions, that it might be dried in the sun, and thus be made into hay. On leaving the field, they entered a wood. For a time the



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sun was obscured from their sight by the thick foliage above them. Around were flowers of the most beautiful kinds, filling the air with their pleasant odor, and enlivening the prospect.

John was much troubled. The brambles and shrubbery crossed his path, and he once became so entangled as to require the assistance of his father to extricate him. But they soon passed through the wood, and came out upon a rise of ground by the side of a fertile valley. The sun was not yet sufficiently high to shine down into it. And a thick cloud of mist was hanging over it, and concealing all within from their view.

John's father was now at some loss to know which way it was best for them to go—if they entered the valley they might lose their way in the mist.

Father, asked John, how high is that mountain? looking away at a distance.

Which one, my son, this on my right hand?

No, sir, the one on your left hand I meant. I thought it would be pleasant to go up to the top of it, and then look down.

It would. But it is quite high, and I am afraid it will be rather cool. If you think you will not be tired, we will ascend it.

Oh, I shall not be tired. We have walked already farther than from here to the top of

the mountain, and I do not feel tired at all.— Do you think it will be cooler on top of the mountain, father? Why, I should think it would be a great deal warmer, for it is nearer the sun.

True, John, it is somewhat nearer the sun than we now are; and yet you will not find the air so agreeable. But you may button up your coat, and we will walk towards it.

Nearer the sun, and yet not so warm! said John. Why, that is very singular. If we go nearer the fire, that is warmer. And if we go too near, we shall certainly get burnt. I found it so when I singed my hair, father.

John now thought he had shown that it would certainly be *warmer* upon the mountain than where they then were. And casting a very wise look at his father, asked him if he was not mistaken, and wished to unbutton his coat.

Mr. Williams pleasantly told John that he reasoned pretty well for the knowledge he had. But added that he might keep his coat buttoned, for he would soon feel the difference.

John was a lad only eight years of age.— He had been to school ever since he was five, and had made very good progress in his studies. But yet he was unable to understand what his father had just told him. He how-

ever, like a good boy, kept his coat buttoned, and walked on with his father. For whatever his father told him he was accustomed to believe.

And if other parents wish to retain the confidence and affection of their children, they should never tell their children that which is not strictly true. Neither should they make to their children promises which they never intend to fulfil. For by doing this the child sees that he has been duped, and his credulity imposed upon. And is soon found withdrawing his affections and confidence from those whom, of all others, he ought to confide in and love.

Mr. Williams had seen the evil effects of this on the children of one of his neighbors. And he had determined that at all times he would be careful to fulfil his promises to his children, and never to leave on their minds the impression that he had told them any thing false. And the difference in the children of the two families showed, in a striking manner, the benefits which followed.

Mr. Williams and John continued their course, and were now near the mountain's top. They had met with many obstructions in their ascent, which they did not much expect, such as loose stones, briar bushes, &c. They, however, at last reached the top, well

fatigued. Here master John was glad to take a seat, although he had thought he should not be tired.

After resting themselves a little, they proceeded to a spot from which they could look to the greatest distance, and behold most of the country around them. Here the scene which lay before them was beautiful and grand beyond any thing which we can express.

Below them, on all sides, as far as the eye could reach, were to be seen extensive and well cultivated farms and meadows,—rivers, ponds, hills, and valleys. On one side of them, at a great distance, they saw their own house, in which John had been so sweetly dreaming, but a short time before. On another side were several groups of houses and barns, each looking no larger than a hen-coop.

The sun was now shining full into the valley they had left. And as they looked down into that, it appeared like a new world bursting into existence. The mist began to be in motion from the breeze and the sun. A part of it was seen rising to the clouds above. This permitted them to behold a lake. Another part of it soon followed. This opened to their view a village. Still more of it rolled up the mountain's side, exposing new scenery still.



Joseph was now made chief man of the kingdom, and Pharaoh took a ring from off his own hand and placed it upon the hand of Joseph.

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It had now become late in the morning, and time for them to partake of the refreshment they had brought with them.

Mr. Williams now called for John to come to him, and placing before him their frugal meal, bade him eat. It is true there was no coffee, and no tea. Neither was there any of that "poisonous potation," called ardent spirits.\* But such as they had brought was eaten with a keen appetite, sharpened by their labor in climbing up the mountain. Their thirst was slaked by a draught from a pool close at hand.

Breakfast being over, and the fragments given to Sancho, Mr. Williams asked John if he found the air any warmer than it was below.

No, father; it is much cooler, as you told me it would be. But we are certainly nearer to the sun, and now I don't understand it.—Do tell me why it is so, father.

I will, my son; and while I attempt to do it, I wish you to pay particular attention, or you will not understand. And, in the first place, I wish you to remember that all heat for the warmth of the earth comes from the sun; and although we may be nearer to the

\* One word to parents on the formation of an appetite for strong drink.—No child, we believe, ever had a natural love for ardent spirits. He puts it away with disgust. By sweetening and spicing it for him, he is induced to drink a little—then a little more. The appetite is formed—he yields to habit, and soon falls its victim.

sun now than when we were in the valley below, yet you must also remember that we are much more exposed to the cold air which surrounds the earth. And thus, the higher we go, the colder we shall find it to be. The earth being a solid body, retains (or keeps) the heat which it receives from the sun. But the air, by which it is surrounded, does not have this power, and, of course, the heat finds no stopping place until it reaches the earth. And as the earth becomes warm, the air immediately around us also partakes of the heat.

But if we should go up a little higher than we now are, you would feel quite chilly. And if we should ascend a mountain twice as high as this, we should find the air as cold as in winter, although it is now midsummer.

The highest mountains in the world are about six miles high, and on the tops of these the snow may be seen, all the year round. But men have been much higher than these in balloons, and small animals which they have taken with them, have been so stunned by the cold, as to die immediately.

Well, father, this is really something new to me. I was thinking of it all the way up the mountain, and if one of my companions had told me I should find it colder up here, I certainly could not have believed him. And

although I at first thought you were mistaken, yet when you told me that I might keep my coat buttoned, and that I should find it as you had said, I could not but believe it would be so, though I did not understand it.

Mr. Williams and John had now pleasantly seated themselves, and were only interrupted by an occasional bark from Sancho, as he saw the large flocks of pigeons that were continually passing over their heads.

We have before stated, that John was a ready scholar. He was: and he shared, to an uncommon degree, the affections and respect of his parents and friends. His companions, too, were always glad to be where John was. For he was so far before them in his studies that he could always give them some useful information about things of which they had not yet read. And his clever, good-natured way of talking to them, was such that they could not but listen. His regard for truth was also another way by which he had endeared himself to them. For in all his instructions to them, they had never known him to speak an untruth; and he always enjoined upon them never to be guilty of telling a lie: for, he observed, it will only bring you into trouble. By telling the first lie, you are only preparing to tell another and another; and then nobody will believe you when you

speak the truth. Soon you will be found going with bad boys, and they will learn you to swear, and take the name of God in vain. Then they will learn you to fight and to steal, and when you are found out, you will have to be locked up in a dark dungeon. Oh, don't let any of us ever be known telling a lie. For it will be but entering the road to ruin, and we shall be despised and shunned by all who know us. And God, too, has said in his holy word that lying lips are abominable, and that he is angry with the wicked every day.

But we must return to the top of the mountain. Mr. Williams now began a conversation with John, about things spoken of in the Bible. He wished to know if John had profited by the instructions which had so often been given him from this good book, and among other questions he asked John if he remembered the story of Joseph—how he was sold by his brethren and carried away into Egypt.

Yes, sir. I remember reading it; but it has partly slipped from my mind. I wish you would tell me the story again, father.

I will, John; but I must be short, for it is nearly time for us to return.

Joseph was the son of Jacob. He lived in a country now called Palestine, or the Holy Land, about two thousand and seven hundred



When they came the second time, he made himself known to them, and fell on their necks and kissed them, and they fell down at his feet.

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years ago. Joseph had eleven brothers. They together were the twelve patriarchs mentioned in the scriptures.

When Joseph was quite young, he had two very remarkable dreams. One was,—that the sheaves of wheat, of his eleven brethren, bowed down and made obeisance to his sheaf. The other, that the sun, moon, and eleven stars reverenced him. These dreams were from God, and implied that he should be a great man, and that all his father's family should be under his rule. On account of his piety and good conduct, he was much beloved by his father Jacob. And so he made a coat for Joseph, of many colors, such as was then worn by young princes. On account of his piety, his dreams, and his coat of many colors, his brethren heartily hated him. And when he was seventeen years of age, his father sent him to see where his brethren were feeding their flocks. At first sight of him they resolved to murder him, and tell their father that some wild beast had devoured him. They took him and stripped him; his most earnest entreaties made no impression upon most of them.

At length one of them begged they would not kill him, but throw him into a pit. Just at this time some Ishmaeliteish merchants came that way, and on seeing them, Joseph's

brethren resolved on selling him to them for a slave.

His coat of many colors they dipt in the blood of a kid and carried to their father.—He knew the coat to be Joseph's, and was in great sorrow and anguish for the loss of his son, whom he believed to be devoured by a wild beast.

The merchants took Joseph down to Egypt, and sold him to Potiphar, the captain of the royal guards of the Egyptian king. For the sake of Joseph, God prospered Potiphar; and thus Joseph was placed over his whole household: but the wife of Potiphar falsely accused Joseph, and he was put into prison. And here, again, the Lord was with him, and gave him favor with his keeper. Into this prison the king of Egypt sent two prisoners. Here they were much troubled by dreams which they had; but the Lord gave Joseph wisdom, and he told them their dreams, and quieted their fears.

He was soon after taken from the prison, and carried before Pharaoh, the king, to tell him the meaning of his dream, for he too was troubled because of a dream. Here the Lord also gave him wisdom, and he found favor in the eyes of Pharaoh. Joseph was now made chief man of the kingdom, and Pharaoh took a ring from off his own hand and placed it

upon the hand of Joseph. He also placed Joseph in the second chariot of the kingdom, and all the people were commanded to bow the knee before him. Thus was Joseph raised to great dignity by the Lord, when he received a visit from some of his wicked brothers. They had come from the land of their father to buy corn, for there was a mighty famine in that land. They did not know Joseph, but Joseph knew them, and kept one of them prisoner that they might return again. When they came the second time, he made himself known to them, and fell on their necks and kissed them, and they fell down at his feet. He then forgave them all their wickedness, telling them that what they meant for evil the Lord meant for good.

He now sent them back to bring down his father and his mother into the land of Egypt, that they might behold his greatness. And when they heard that he was alive, they could hardly believe it. But they went down and lived there, and their children increased greatly.

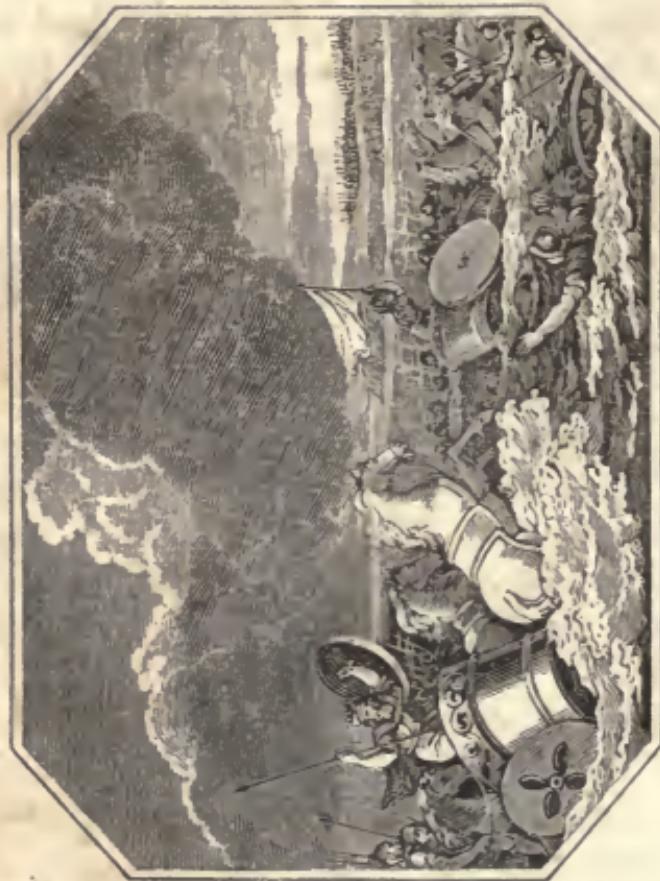
At length a king arose who cared not for the brethren of Joseph, or for his children. And he oppressed them sorely. He laid heavy burdens upon them, which they could not bear. And the Lord sent his servant Moses to tell the king to let them go out of

Egypt. For the Lord wanted them to come back again and live in the land of their fathers. But the King would not let them go until the Lord afflicted him greatly.

Then they were permitted to go. But the King followed with a great army. And as the brethren of Joseph came to a river, they could not get across it. So the Lord divided it for them, and they went through without wetting their feet. But when the King and his army were marching through, the waters came back and drowned them all. Thus were they delivered from the Egyptian King, and went back into their own country.

And thus, John, I have run rapidly through with this interesting story. It is now time for us to return home, and this evening you may read the account for yourself. You will find it in the thirtieth chapter of Genesis, and onward.

And now, my son, as we return, I will endeavor to draw something useful from what we have seen to-day.—The first thing that met our view this morning was the sun. It had dispelled the darkness of night, and was rising in great beauty, bidding the sons of men go joyfully to their wonted labor, and making all creation glad. So Christ, the Sun of righteousness, has risen with healing in his beams. By looking up to him with repentance and



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faith, we may find forgiveness for our sins. The dark spots on our hearts will then flee away, and he will be to us a sun and a light directing us to glory.

We saw the grass that had been mowed, and gathered into heaps, and then spread abroad again. So we too must be cut down, as the grass of the field. For death will come. And at the judgment we shall all be gathered together; but yet again we must be separated—the good on the right hand, and the wicked on the left of the judge. The wheat he will gather into his garner, and the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire.

We saw a valley filled with mist. It lay between us and the mountain. So, too, there is a valley of death. The darkness of an eternal night hangs over it. The blackness of darkness will rest upon it forever, and no gentle breeze of morning will sweep it away.

We ascended the mountain. We reached its top, and pleasantly viewed the landscape around.—Christ is the mount of God's eternal love. He is our high tower. Resting upon him, we may extend our vision to the landscape beyond the grave. There, we may behold fields in living green. There, we may inhale the fragrance of flowers that never fade. There, we may partake of a repast sufficient for all. There, we may drink from a pool that will forever slake.

But, my son, we are told that straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to heaven: therefore strive to walk in it, for many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.—Make choice now of that better part which shall not be taken away from you. See to it that your name be taken from the book of death, and written in the Lamb's book of life. For the judgment is at hand. The great books will then be opened. And he whose name is not found therein, shall be cast into the lake that burneth forever, which is the second death.

It is true, you are loved by your parents, and esteemed by your friends; but unless you love God, you can never enter the place of his abode. Think, then, of all the sins you have ever committed. Be sorry that you have ever sinned against so good a God. Break off from every thing which you believe offensive in his sight, and ask forgiveness in the name of Jesus.





Learning to Cypher.



The Tea Party